

The Earl of PEMBROKE'S SPEECH
IN THE
House of Peers,

When the Seven LORDS were accused of High-Treason.

My LORDS,

YOU know I seldom make Speeches, yet (my Lords) every thing would live; and now I must either find a Tongue, or lose my Head. I am accus'd for *sitting here, when your Lordships fled to the Army*. Alas, my Lords, I am an old Man, I must sit; You may ride or run any whither, but I am an old Man. You voted them Traytors *who left the House, and went to York*; They told us then they were *forc'd away by Tumults*; Do not You say so too? Were they Traytors for going, and am I a Traytor for staying? 'sdeath, my Lords, what would you have me do? Hereafter I'll neither go nor stay. I have served you seven years; what have you given me, unless part of a *Thanksgiving-Dinner*, for which you made me *fast* once a Month? I was fed like a Prince at the King's Cost twice every day, (long before some of you were born) and this King continued, nay, out-did his Father in heaping Favours upon me: yet (for your sakes) I renounc'd my Master when he had most need of me; *voted* against him, *swore* against him, hired Men to *fight* against him: I confess, I myself never *struck* at him, nor *shot* at him; but I pray'd for those that did: I gave my Tenants their *Leases* *Fino feop*, if they would *rise and resist the King*; And yet, my Lords, after all this, must I be a Traytor? Have I not *sworn* for you over and over again? You sent me on your Errands to Oxford, to Uxbridge, to Newcastle, to Holdenby; you hurried me up and down as if I had been a King; you made me carry a world of Propositions, I brought them all safe and sound; what you bad me say, I spake to a syllable; and had the King ask'd me how old I was, without your Commission I should not have told him; and yet, my Lords, I am an old Man. Remember how I stuck to you against Strafford and Canterbury; some of ye shrunk at Strafford's Trial, that your Names were like to be *posted* with Malignants; and for Canterbury, many of you would have had him *live*; my Lord of Northumberland and others would have no hand in his Blood: But I gave ye the *casting voice*, which sent him packing into another World; and yet now would ye send me after him? Have I not sat with you early and late? When the Parliament tumbld, and toss'd, and roll'd it self, on this side, and on that side, still I was for the Parliament; Though I staid here with the Presbyterian Lords, yet when You return'd I was firm for you. All the other Lords left you in the House when Sir Thomas's Chaplain *gave thanks* for your return: but I staid and pray'd with you, and am (for ought I know) as great an Independent as any of ye all. I rejoyc'd with ye, fasted, sung *Psalms*, pray'd with ye, and (hereafter) will run away with ye. Nay, I had done it now, but who know your minds? if ye meant I should follow ye, why

did ye not *wink* upon me? Think ye I could run away by *Instinct*? My Lords, you know I love Dogs, and (tho I say it) I thank God I have as good Dogs as any Man in England; Now, my Lords, if a Dog follow me when I do not call him, I bid him *be gone*; if I call him and he comes not, then I beat him: but him for not coming when I never call you'll think me mad; 'sdeath, my I a *poor Dog is not worth the whistling*.

But perhaps my fault is not meer, but being *active* in your absence, bec Robes and Collar of SS's I brought *ham*, the Commons new Speaker. What did? is not Mr. Pelham my own Con your Lordships have me uncivil to my *uncle* dred? Why might not I *entertain* the new Speaker, as well as Sir Robert Harley intreat us to *admit* him? Mr. Pelham is none of Sir Robert's Cousin, and yet Sir Robert is an old Man.

I hear some say, that I was forward to begin a new War, that my hand is to all the warrants for *lifting Men and Horse*; and in order thereunto, I voted His Majesty should come to London. 'Tis true, my Lords, I did give my Vote for the King's coming hither; but wherefore was it? 'twas only to come to chuse a new Speaker. What, would ye have us dumb, and sit here like Ferrets? My Lords, I love to hear Men *speak*; and all the Lawyers told me, No King, no Speaker; that either the Commons must name their Speaker, and the King approve him; or the King name him, and the Commons approve him; no King, no Speaker; and so I was for the King, that is, for the Speaker.

Then, my Lords, observe the manner of his coming: The King was to come according to the Covenant; mark ye that? I was still for my Oaths: Let him come when he will, if the Covenant fetch him, he had as good stay away. And yet Men cry thame on the Covenant; those that took it do cast it up again; and those that refuse it have given a World of Arguments that it is unreasonable; which Reasons our Assembly (like a Company of Rascals) never yet answer'd. I know, my Lords, many of our Friends never took this Oath, but they refused it out of meer Conscience; Shall Malignants Consciences be as tender as Ours? Why, what do they think our Consciences are made of? But, my Lords, suppose this Oath be unreasonable; Can we do nothing but we must give Reason for it? This is as bad as the House of Commons, who, when we deny to pass any Ordinance, presently send to know our Reasons, though themselves give no Reasons nor demanding ours. And so Malignants would have reasonable Oaths; only here's the difference, the House of Commons do use to demand Reasons, and Malignants desire to be suffered to give Reasons. My Lords, I love

not this giving of *Reasons*, though I hold the *Covenant* is extreme reasonable; for as some *Malignants* take it to save their *Estates*, so we give it to make them lose their *Estates*; both love the *Estate*, and both hate the *Covenant*. Thus, my Lords, we have *Reason* for this Oath, and your Lordships have no *Reason* to make me a *Traitor* while I give my Vote according to the *Covenant*.

As for *Signing Warrants* to raise a *New War*, I wonder you'll speak of it; Have not you all done it 100 times? How many Reams of Paper have we subscribed to raise Forces for *King and Parliament*? 'Tis known I can scarce write a Word besides my Name. Cannot a Man write his own Name without losing his Head? If I must give Account for what I set my Hand to, Lord have Mercy on me! I see now my Grandfather was a wise Man, he could neither write nor read, and happy for me if I were so too. Come, come, my Lords, be plain and tell me, Do I look like one that would raise a *New War*? I must confess I love a good Army, but if there be none till I raise it, *Soldiers of Fortune* may change their Names. No, my Lords, 'twas not I, 'twas the *Eleven Members* would have raised a *War*; you see they were guilty by their running away, I neither ran with them, nor with you, I do not like this running away, I love to stay by it; And whether was for *War*, I that staid in *Town*, or You that went to an *Army*? The Devil of Horse did I lift but in my New Coach, nor used any Harness but my Collar of *SS's*. And will you for this clap me in the *Tower*? You sent me thither six Years since but for handling a *Standish*. and now you'll commit me for writing my Name; What, my Lords, do you hate Learning? Can you not end or begin a *Parliament* without sending me to the *Tower*? Do your Lordships mean to make me a Lord Mayor? If I need must go, I pray you, send me home to *Raynards-Castle* or *Durham-House*, (a damnable Fire burnt my House at *Wilton*, just that Hour I moved your Lordships to drive *Malignants* out of *London*.) But why to the *Tower*? am I company for *Lyons*? Do you think me a *Cattamountain*, fit to be shewn through a Grate for two Pence? No, my Lords, keep the *Tower* for *Malignants*, they can endure it, some of them have been Prisoners 7 Years; they can feed upon bare *Allegiance*, please themselves with Discourses of *Conscience*, of *Honour*, of a *Righteous Cause*, and I know not what: But what's this to me? How will those *Malignants* look upon me? Nay, how shall I look upon them? I confess some of them love my Son's Company, they say he's more a *Gentleman*, and has *Wit*: s'Death, my Lords, must I now turn *Gentleman*? I thought I had been a *Peer* of the *Realm*, and am I now a *Gentleman*? Let my Son keep his *Wit*, his poor Father ne'er got two Pence by his *Wit*. Alas, my Lords, what hurt can I do you? Or what good will it do you to have my Head? I am but a *Ward*, my Lord Say hath disposed of me these seven Years; I am no *Lawyer*, tho' the *Littletons* call me *Cousin*; I am no *Scholar*, tho' I have been their *Chancellor*; I am no *States man*, though I was a *Privy-Counsellor*; I know not what you mean by

the three *Estates*. Last June the *Army* demanded a Release for *Lilburne*, *Musgrove* and *Overtoun*, I thought they were the three *Estates*. I thank God I have a good *Estate* of my own, and I have the *Estates* of my L. *Bayning's* Children, and I have my L. of *Carnarvan's* *Estate*; these are my three *Estates*. And yet, my Lords, must I to the *Tower*? Consider we are but a few Lords left, come let's love, and be kind to one another: The *Cavaliers* quarrelled among themselves, beat one another, and lost all. Let us be wiser, my Lords; for had we fallen into their Condition, my *Conscience* tells me we had looked most wofully.

I perceive your Lordships begin to think better of me, and I hear you would quit me if I were not charged by the *Agitators* and *General Council of the Army*. How? *Agitator*, s'Death, what's that? Who ever heard that Word before? I understand *Classical*, *Provincial*, *Congregational*, *National*, but for *Agitator*, it may (for ought I know) be a *Knave* not worth three Pence: If *Agitators* cut Noble-mens Throats, you'll find the Devil has been an *Agitator*. As for the *General Council*, I hate the Name of it, 'tis old and naught, and used to be full of *Bishops*; those Fellows have troubled us ever since the *Apostles*; I thought we had made 'em poor enough, and is their Name come again to torment me? My Lords, I understand not these *General Councils*, those of Old, they say, were *Christians*, and these are *Independents*. What a damnable deal of *Generalling* is here! *General Assembly*, *General of the Army*, *General Council of the Army*: we never had quiet hour since we had so many *Generals*. Well my Lords, these are hard Times, and we must needs be with hard Words, which neither we nor our fathers understood. Heretofore *Bishops* went *Jure Divino*, then *Elders* would be *Jure Divino*, and now *Agitators* will be *Jure Divino*; Dam me, I think nothing's *Jure Divino* but God. Call you this a *Thorough-Reformation*? What betwixt the *Assemblers* & the *Agitators*, I am reformed to meer skin and bone. My Lords, if these *tators* must rule the Kingdom, why are not we our selves *Agitators*? why may not I make *Oldsworth* an *Agitator*? his abilities and honesty are equal to most of 'em. But, for ought I see, *Agitators* will sooner be *Earls* of *Pembroke* and *Montgomery*, than we *Agitators*; for the *Parliament* leads the People, the *Army* leads the *Parliament*, Sir *Thomas* leads the *Army*, *Cromwel* leads Sir *Thomas*, *Ireton* leads *Cromwel*, *Agitators* will lead *Ireton*; whither the Devil shall we all be led at last?

My Lords, ye see I have spoke my mind; I hope every week some of your Lordships will do the like; and the *Commons* in this, though in nothing else, will follow the House of *Peers*.

But I have done, I have done, my Lords: Remember, I beseech you, I am an old Man; I have been a *Grandfather* time out of mind (for I was so when this *Parliament* began) and now must I be food for *Agitators*? O my Lords, I have used the King so ill, and he loved me so well; and I have served you so well, and you use me so ill, that no Man is sorry for me: Therefore my request is, That you would not think of sending me to the *Tower* till somebody pities me.

Copia Vera.

Mic. Oldsworth.

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